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tion been nearly so great. There was something like it in 1879-80; and the last four months of 1890 were marked by an excess of heat not rivalled in degree, during the corresponding period, since then. But the temperature record from November 1, 1889, to February 1, 1890, is not closely approached. Here, however, is a point worth noting: The tendency to abnormal warmth now seems to be abating. The average daily excess last November was about 4 degrees, and in December over 8. For the last half of the latter month, however, the average excess was over 12 degrees, and that rate was sustained through January until the 20th, since which time it has fallen to 6. This affords some reasons for hoping that February, if not rigorously cold, will at least give us less unreasonable weather than has marked the last few weeks.

PERSONAL

When Phillips Brooks was at St. Paul, Minn., not long ago, he went to a Protestant Episcopal church and was ushered into a pew occupied by a most courteous gentleman, who insisted upon finding all the places in the prayer-book for him and generally coaching him in the details of the service. Dr. Brooks accepted these attentions meekly, but afterward confessed that it was uncommonly hard work to keep from laughing right out in meeting.

The Hon. B. K. Bruce says that since being recorder of Deeds at Washington will force him to quit his profitable lecturing tours, it will enable him to

his professed mission. He had his family more than he had done for several years. He is no longer a citizen of Mississippi, but a citizen of the District of Columbia—as much as any one is a citizen of it. He owns a fine residence in Washington.

It may not be known to many people that Queen Victoria is an ardent student of African geography, and could pass a very creditable examination in that subject. Her Majesty, Mr. Stanley as the interrogator. Her Majesty has carefully watched the Portuguese on their marches, and when the news of the outrage of the British flag reached London it was the Queen who who insisted on Lord Salisbury compelling Portugal to come to a definite understanding without delay.

The brilliant dinner given just before the Empress Augusta's death by the Count and Countess Waldersee, she practically closed the brief season of fashion in Berlin. The object was to bring together the family of Field Marshal von Moltke and the family of the American Minister. The dinner had been postponed once on account of the health of general von Moltke.

On this occasion the influenza was kind to the old soldier and all the guests who were invited to meet him. The only guest who was not present was the wife of his only son. His family, were Mr. Delbrück, who for many years had Von Boettcher's place and was the Honorary Member of the Department of the Interior. Mrs. Delbrück and Mrs. von Boettcher were both in the city.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent three hairs from the beard of the Prophet by a special messenger as a present to the town of Aleppo. Wherever the messenger appeared during his journey he was received with honor. When he reached Aleppo he was met in state, and the Governor of Aleppo came to meet him before the gates of the town.

Ex-Senator Marston, of New-Hampshire, has recovered from his recent paralytic stroke.

Mr. Chapman Coleman, the secretary of the American

Legation, returned to Berlin a fortnight ago. He was met at the Friederich Station by Mr. Phelps. Mr. Crosby and the personnel of the Legation. After inspecting his new quarters in the Zimmerstrasse he repaired to the Kaiserhof and spent the evening with the ladies of the Legation. Mr. Coleman was absent from his desk a few days over three months, and expresses himself as delighted with his visit home. He was very active, visiting friends in Washington, Wilmington, New-York and San Francisco. But the longest visit was with his mother at his home in Lowell.

This is by no means bad, but we still think that the blue ribbon belongs to that proprietor of a Western

skating rink who advertised a sacred dog fight for Sunday.

Belleville, N. J., is to be fought expects too much from us. The Tribune is not in charge of the Weather.

Bureau. The ex-Mayor, being the party challenged had the choice of weapons and place, and he made the condition to fight with wheelbarrows in front of a pile of snow. It would not be out of place to recall the case of the Irishman who was sentenced to death for a murder and was given the choice of a place of execution. He elected to be hanged from the branches of a small rose-bush, and said, "said the judge, 'the bush is not large enough to make it a successful job.' The Irishman said, 'I am ready to wait,' replied: 'Faix. Judge, I don't want such a small thing as that; shure, oil it.' 'Til it grows.' It is likely that both the ex-Mayor and the ex-Major will be willing to wait for a better place.

The Hon. J. W. Covert, of Flushing, was one of the inventive geniuses who thought the Speaker must see them when they wanted to talk, and mustn't see them when they didn't want to vote. Having voted by mistake, he was denied the privilege of changing his vote. Then, when his name was called, he said, "I will vote."
And then that bad Speaker laughed—un-

Polite Beat—Can't you accommodate me with three dollars?
Banker—Man alive! you make me nervous. Why do you always ask for three dollars, instead of asking for one dollar?
Polite Beat—Mr. Moneybags, if you think you understand the begging business better than I do, just you beg for a while and let me be banker.—(Texas Siffling).

The block in front of the Postoffice isn't even paved with good intentions. Or if it is they have had bad luck and gone to the wrong address.

We suppose that not a single man in the country will be disappointed in this season, as in the past, whenever we want a base hit from a man he'll be out.—(Toledo Blade.

Now Kentucky rises to explain that Blue Grass is not blue, but the greenest sort of green. Yes, yes, of course, and red is the complementary color and that is why so many towns are painted that way.

Ye imps of Hades, please prepare
A bed of iron thistles
For one who'll soon be with you there—
The man who always whistles.
—(Washington Post.

A Little Scene From Life.—The Doctor—Why have I never married? Why should I? Cat and dog lie at best.

The Admiral—Not in my case.
The Doctor—Oh, pshaw, now, everybody knows
Come then, how do you manage it?
The Admiral—All cat.

Some theologians' views seem to be a good deal like boarding-house coffee—in need of something to settle them.—(Burlington Free Press.

Theodore Wing, weather prophet, declines to be well enough alone. Mr. Wing is one of the precious few people who predicted the tremendous storm of March 12, 1888. That ought to have given him enough reputation for meteorological wisdom to last him a lifetime. But instead of resting on his laurels, he endangers them by telling folks to look out for a

Other big storm recently. Suppose the big storm fails to materialize, where will those laurels be?

Some shocking things have been said in the debate of the Presbyterians—or things that would have been shocking if said anywhere but in the pages of the *Observer*. Just out of the theological seminary pleading for the doctrine of infant damnation is almost enough to make one believe in it. Just such cases. —(Boston Transcript)

An eating-house cook who has recently interviewed states that many a beefsteak which is served to a customer as broiled is in reality fried. The public will receive this statement with composure, but will it receive this statement with composure, hotbedded off for a man on whom a fried beefsteak can be palmed off for a broiled one? Beefsteak richly deserves that sort of beefsteak. —(The Max, our readers will recognize the beefsteak.)

Grover Cleveland was elected on the understanding that by way of expiating his devotion to Jeffersonian simplicity, he would give the country a brief peacetime anti-imperialism. But did he!

The Peace-maker—Don't you know it is very wrong to fight. Little boy? What does the good book say?

Tommy (who has just polished off the class bully's domino). I ain't read it no further than David and Goliath—(Puck).

Boston is tired of the street-handling or dodger nuisance, with all the litter of rubbish it implies, and talk of stopping it somehow. Only show us how, de Boston.

Heard in a Horse Car.—First Young Woman: Then we'll meet again tonight at the door of the theatre.

Second Young Woman—Yes: It's nice of you to ask me to come with you, too, if I do have to be alone. Last night I happened to be the only person in the car going home, and I was so much amused. I had told the conductor where to stop; when we got to Delvidere-st. he opened the door and called me. Beive Lockwood!—(Boston Transcript).